THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No. 2053 *Thursday, July* 10, 1828. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer*.

Haymarket Theatre.

The Marriage of Figaro was played here last night; Miss Bartolozzi, with many capabilities for attaining a high rank in her profession has yet much to learn. *Spring and Autumn*, and *The Milliners* succeeded.—The house was full.

English Opera House.

The Blind Boy, The Bottle Imp, and *Gretna Green*, were the performances at this Theatre last night, to a good house. Miss Kelly was inimitable in the first and last piece; and the new Romance went off with great applause.

SURREY.—The performances at this Theatre, last night, consisted of *Is He Jealous? The Swiss Family, The Somnambulist*, and a new Divertissement Piece, entitled *A Trip to the Lakes*.—The house was attended by a great number of well dressed children, it being a Juvenile Night.

We are happy to observe the unanimity and good feeling evinced towards each other by the talented actress, at present, in the metropolis. Madame Pasta, Madlle. Sontag and Madame Schutz, have all voluntarily offered their valuable assistance to Madlle. Mars for her Benefit, the latter lady's own brilliant merits would doubtless ensure a very full attendance, but with such powerful additional attractions, an overflow may very confidently be expected.

COUNTRY THEATRICALS.—Passing through Ipswich last week, we were exceedingly gratified, in attending the Theatre there, to see in a country town so efficient a company, and to observe with how much propriety and effect their representations were got up. There is a very respectable Opera company, and we saw *Der Freischutz* really very effectively played:—we were particularly struck with a Mr. White, who enacted *Adolph*, and who possesses a voice that must, we are sure, at no distant period, ensure him a metropolitan engagement; he sings with a delicacy of taste, and purity of style, perfectly delightful. The tragic and comic company is also good; they have, as *premier*, Mr. Serle, late of Covent Garden Theatre, whose sound judgment, correct reading, and excellent acting, have already apparently placed him high in the estimation of the Ipswich audience.

We understand that a young lady of considerable talent in operatic performances, will shortly make her *debut* on the London stage.—She is said to bear a striking resemblance both in person and voice to the late Miss M. Tree.—*New Times.*

Theatre Royal, Hay-Market.

This Evening, the Play of The

Merchant of Venice.

The Duke, Mr DOYNE,
Gratiano, Mr VINING, Lorenzo, Mr A. LEE,
Bassanio, Mr COOPER,
Salanio, Mr BRINDAL, Salarino, Mr COVENEY,
Gobbo, Mr WILLIAMS, Tubal, Mr BISHOP,
Shylock, by A GENTLEMAN,
(His First Appearance.)
Antonio, Mr W. JOHNSON, Balthazar, Mr COOKE,
Launcelot, Mr WILKINSON,
Leonardo, Mr COATES, Stefano, Mr MOORE.
Portia, Miss F. H. KELLY,
Nerissa, Mrs T. HILL, Jessica, Mrs WAYLETT.

After which, the Comedy of

Spring and Autumn.

Sir Simon Slack, Mr W. FARREN,
Major Osmond, Mr BRINDALL, John, Mr ROSS,
Rattle, Mr COOPER.
Mrs Rattle.....Mrs W. CILFFORD,
Clara, Miss M. GLOVER,
Mrs General Dartmouth, Mrs GLOVER.

To conclude with the Farce of

No Song no Supper.

Frederick, Mr A. LEE, Crop, Mr GALLOT,
Robin, Mr POWER, Endless, Mr WILKINSON,
William, Mr C. MORRIS, Thomas, Mr ROSS.
Margaretta, Miss BARTOLOZZI,
Who will introduce "*Here's a health, bonnie Scotland, to thee.*"
Dorothy, Mrs WAYLETT,
Nelly, Mrs TAYLEURE, Louisa, Miss ADAMS.

To-morrow, A Daughter to Marry, The Barber of Seville, with (first time) The Two Friends, and The Milliners.

Printed and Published by E. Thomas, Denmark Court, Exeter-change, Strand.
All Communications must be post paid.—Printing in General.

Theatre Royal, English Opera.

This Evening, the Melo-drama called

The Shepherd Boy.

With Beethoven's celebrated Overture to Prometheus.

The Marquis de la Tour, Mr J. VINING,
M. Durval, Mr BAKER, Gautier, Mr BARTLEY,
Alexis, (the Shepherd Boy) Miss KELLY,
Ambroise, Mr KEELEY,
M. Rigoret, the Baillie, (2nd time) Mr J. RUSSELL.
Lucette, Miss GOWARD.

After which, the Comic Operetta, called

Lying made Easy.

Preceded by Rossini's admired Overture to Tancredi.

Mr Swallow, Mr BARTLEY,
Henry Swallow, (his Nephew).....Mr THORNE,
Flam, Mr WRENCH.
Mrs Swallow, Miss GRAY, Sophia, Miss CAWSE.

After which, (4th time) an Operatic Romance, in two acts, called

The Bottle-Imp !

The Music by Mr. G. H. Rodwell.

Albert.....(a German Traveller).....Mr WOOD,
Willibald, (his Servant) Mr KEELEY,
Nicola, (a Spaniard) Mr JAMES VINING, Waldeck, Mr EVANS,
Conrade, (his Son, an Officer of Musqueeters) Mr BAKER,
Shadrac, (a Jew Pedlar) Mr MINTON, Jomelli, Mr SALTER,
Serjeant, Mr EAST, Inquisitor, Mr IRWIN,
Montorio, Mr J. COOPER, Chamberlain, Mr HEATH.
The Bottle Imp, Mr O. SMITH.
Marcelina, (Daughter of Waldeck) Miss CAWSE,
Lucretia.....(a Venetian Lady).....Miss WESTON,
Philippa, (her Attendant) Miss H. CAWSE.

New Scenery.

Act 1—Scene 1 Venice, with Canal and Gondolas—2. Secret Study of Nicola—3 Splendidly Illuminated Saloon in the Villa of Nicola—4 Sequestered Part of Nicola's Garden—5 Swiss Farm—9 Bed Chamber, and Mysterious Appearance of the Bottle Imp.

Act 2—Scene 1 Saloon—2 Street in Venice—3 Encampment of the Musqueteers in the Venetian Territory—Conrade's Tent—4 Guard Room—5 Encampment—6 Dungeon of the Inquisition—7 Grand Hall of the Inquisition, destroyed by Fire.

To-morrow, The Freebooters, and The Bottle Imp!

King's Theatre.

MR. EBERS'S BENEFIT.

This Evening, the Opera Seria, entitled

SEMIRAMIDE.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS BY

Madame PASTA, Mademoiselle BRAMBILLA,
Signor CURIONI, Signor PORTO,
Signor DEVILLE, and Signor ZUCHELLI.

After which, the first Act, of Rossini's Opera, called

LA CENERENTOLA.

Mademoiselle SONTAG,
Madame BRIZZI, Madame CASTELLI,
Signor TORRI, Signor DI ANGIOLI,
Signor PELLEGRINI, and Signor ZUCHELLI.

In the course of the Evening,

Signor VELLUTI has kindly consented to Sing.

To conclude with

A FAVOURITE BALLET.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me—I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town. Now, may I beg the favor—pardon the liberty—never liked to be troublesome—but would you be so kind, from time to time—just for the information of my friends—as to allow your most useful Periodical to become the channel for announcing to them where I may be met with on the several days of the week. Monday—I will be found seated at the *Diorama*, in the Regent's Park, anxiously admiring the two new Views, the charming Village of Unterseen, and the Cloisters of St. Wandrille—quite bewitching!—About two I pop in to see Mr. Burford's Marine Panorama of the *Battle of Navarino*, Strand—awfully grand—the din of war and conflagration is truly alarming—Britons bulwark—love our navy. On Tuesday, I step into *The Cosmorama*, Regent Street—thirteen new Views—charming illusion, the effect of sunshine and shade astonishing;—wander through Rome, Switzerland, Valley of Lauterbroun, and take a peep at the Grand Sultana, and the Seraglio, at Constantinople. About three I wander through the various departments of that elegant Establishment, the Royal Bazaar Exhibition, 73, Oxford Street, and view The Works of Art, and British Diorama.—Wednesday, I shall be found, with my Spectacles off, admiring the truly grand display of the Wonders of Nature—I don't mean the Naturals called Fops; but the *Microscopic* Wonders, exhibited by Mr. Carpenter, the Optician, in Regent Street. Afterwards I shall look in on Mr. Finn, in the same street, at his *Fancy Glass-working Exhibition*—an ingenious pretty Work shop.—On Thursday I drop in to examine *Miss Linwood's* Needle-Work. At breakfast, I enjoy a delicious Cup of Sparrow's genuine Souchong, and at lunch, a glass of his prime Sparkling White Burgundy Champagne, from Ludgate-hill. After dinner, Mrs. Pry amuses me with neighbouring tattle, while we sip charming Port or Sherry, bought from the cheap London and Westminster Wine and Spirit Company, Strand—but I intrude, beg pardon.

Your's, PAUL PRY.